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"Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them," cried Garreboyle. But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout," for a shout of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt—"let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going."

"Let them go," said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness his departure. He sullenly resumed his armour, sprung in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts, and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature.

Indeed, our progress was so slow, that up came the great Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burley as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half articulate voice: "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a crying most bitterly amongst the hay, on which the poor fellow (his name was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he. "It's warrant it's killed"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. Stand back! stand back!" cried he. "Ye'll maybe tramp its life out. I'll look for it myself." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy seeing him always turn the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.

"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I.

"For any thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naeboddy can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm haunit it."

"Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?"

"Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world?"

"But, were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are

sensible that there is or was a bairn among your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit o' it."

"I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe in the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more choaking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy, and flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the ways into the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity: but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed and never shall again. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man go by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is nae sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I-believe after a'. He is surely the deil!"

Alexandre went to the chimney, and in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurlin down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations.

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